THE HIBERNIAN POLITICIANS;

AN

EPISTLE

FROM

A GENTLEMAN in the Country;

To his FRIEND in Town.

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THE POLITICIANS, &c.

WHILE You in Town your precious Moments ſpend,
And take a cheerful Bottle with a Friend;
Taſte all the Pleaſure that the Place affords,
And ſwell the happy Number at * my Lords;
Add to the Mirth, and crown the jovial Round,
Where Honour, Truth, and ſparkling Wit abound;
From thoſe bleſt Scenes where Nature paints the Year,
And Fields and Meads, her ſpangled Livery wear;
Where lovely Solitude, a bliſsful Eaſe,
Unknown to Courts and faithleſs Palaces)

With

Lord SOUTHWELL's,

With bounteous Hand to all her Swains imparts,
In Frauds unpractic'd, and unskill'd in Arts;
Permit the Muſe, when quite unbent from Cares,
When the Mind labours with no great Affairs;
When no important Bus'neſs fills your Breaſt,
Permit the Muſe in theſe ſoft Hours of Reſt
Once more to lay her Off'ring at your ſhrine,
Since all her Off'rings and her Labour's thine.

By your example taught with high Diſdain,
She looks around on all the gilded Train
Of wretched Greatneſs! abject Tools of State,
The buſy Throng of all the ſordid great.

E'er Nations ruſh'd to Arms for trivial Things,
E'er Quarrels kindled 'twixt contending Kings;
E'er States with States in War and Leagues engag'd,
E'er Courts were tainted, or Ambition rag'd;
E'er the falſe Fav'rite ſpread Corruption round,
Gave Truth a Shock, or Honeſty a Wound;

E'er the baſe Hand firſt ſtretch'd the venial Bribe,
Or the Contagion reach'd the motly Tribe;
E'er Senates barter'd Liberty for gold,
Or bubbled Nations were for Penſions ſold;
Strong was her Laſh, and ſharp was her Eſſay,
E'er Virtue ſunk, like Miſts diſolved away:
Baniſh'd from Courts the needy Exile goes,
And in ſome faithful Boſom ſeeks Repoſe;
To you ſhe flyes; then ſooth the darling Gueſt;
That glows ſerenely happy in your Breaſt;
Bleſt in Content enjoy each ſocial Hour,
Free from ambitious Views and Hopes of Pow'r;
Where glitt'ring Courts can no Temptations bring,
Or Coz'ning Knaves can buſy Whiſpers ring:
Where no vile inſect poiſon's ev'ry Ear,
No little Reptile with malicious Sneer,
Praiſes true Merit in the Man of Parts,
Deſpis'd for Virtue, and contemn'd for Arts.

WHEN common Honeſty is out of Date,
An uſeleſs Member, baniſh'd by the Great;
When modiſh Ladies, without Senſe of Shame,
Start into Paſſions at a loſing Game;
When powder'd Fops take Vapours o'er *Bohea*,
And ſpread, like Women, Scandal at their Tea;
Waſh to preſerve a Native white and red,
And rob *Arabia* to perfume the Head,
When meddling Fools are Politians grown,
And know all *Europe*'s Secrets —— but their Own;
When Mortgag'd Fortunes and Revenue's ſpent,
Are re-imburs'd by Votes in Parliament;
When ſitting Members with induſtrious haſte,
From Bailiffs fly e'er Priviledge is paſt;
When Freedom, Country, Liberty are ſold,
For that corrupted, baſeſt Mammon, Gold;
When Vice bears ſuch an univerſal Sway,
Stalks o'er the Town, and glares in open Day;
SATIRE, 'tis time to laſh the crying Age,
Let looſe thy Vengeance, and rouſe all thy Rage.

CAN

CAN I with Patience, and in Silence see
A P——r, a Stain to true Nobility;
Whose only Practice, by ignoble means,
Is to heap sordid Stores of ill-got Gains?
Shall he at Hazard, Raw, Young Bubbles cheat,
And by one Cogg, sweep up a whole Estate?
Lead at Picquet, and win the golden Pool,
Or pack a Hand, and so repique the Fool.
Erect a * Bank that (shou'd a Nation Play)
Might to himself a Nations Wealth convey?
Force the rich Dower, from th' insulted Wife,
For some Repose, some small content of Life?
Shall he, O Muse! a thousand Heirs undo,
Without one sharp, one just Reproof from you?

SAY, is this he, when *Anna* grac'd the Throne,
Who made her Party-principles his own?
When *Whigs* oppos'd the Int'rest of a Court,
Who then Espous'd it? was not *Servius* for't?

The

* A Pharoah Bank.

The Table's turn'd in *George*'s glorious Reign;
Who was a *Whig*, and for the Court again?
This Weather-cock of State that veers about,
As either Party is, or IN or OUT
This *Whiggiſh Tory*, or this *Tory Whig!*
Who dances Conſcience to a *Party Jig!*
Now grac'd with Titles, ſee him in the Throng;
Buſy in States, or acting Right or Wrong!
Projecting! Scheming! all for private Ends;
Falſe to his Country! Fatal to his Friends!

"CLAUDI'US *I pity, for his Fate's ſevere,*
"*Three times Expell'd; but for his Friendſhip here!*
"*Duly Elected, and Return'd, no doubt,*
"*The* HOUSE *Petition'd; but as ſure turn'd Out!*

BEHOLD him pond'ring at the Council-board,
Big with Affairs, and labouring of a Word;
Long, long, he ſtruggles with th' abortive Whim;
'Till he's at length, deliver'd of a *Scheme!*

Soon

Soon the black Birth becomes the publick Scorn;
As ſoon Exploded, almoſt, as 'tis Born!
Now gravely ſitting Studious at the Helm;
Full with the Hopes of Steering all the Realm;
See at his very Heels Preferment lyes,
Cards on his Left-ſide, on his Right, Exciſe,
Pow'r, Place, and Profit, perching on his Hand,
Aiming to graſp at abſolute Command;
While to his Boſom black Corruption ſteals,
And o'er his vaſſal Heart, and Mind prevails
The buſy Fiend by Thouſands is Careſt,
And ev'ry *Placeman* hugs her to his Breaſt.

Oh! may thoſe glorious *Patriots* ever ſhine,
A brave, and bright Example to their Line!
Whoſe Worth, whoſe Spirit, and whoſe publick Zeal,
Againſt his Efforts guard the common Weal!
Who'd ſell that Freedom we ſo dearly Prize,
Deſtroy our Commerce, and our Wool Exciſe,
Whom ſome may Flatter, but whom moſt Deſpiſe.

SUCH was the *Scheme* by his corrupted Hand,
Prepar'd to Ruin, and Enſlave the Land;
But who in this can credit vulgar Fame?
Cou'd he do this, who ſcarce can write his Name?
But rumours Merry, and delights to Jeſt,
To talk of Actions, thar can't ſtand the Teſt,
Sports with the Peers, and ſpreads a thouſand Tales,
And Rumour with the Vulgar ſtill prevails!
E'en now ſhe whiſpers ſoftly in my Ear,
That a Right Honourable worthy P——r,
Farms, Packs of Hounds, and Horſes by the Year.

WHAT varied Characters in one we meet;
A Gameſter, Huntſman, Stateſman, and a ——

DECIUS was once, for Goodneſs, on Record,
Bleſs'd with the Title of an *Honeſt Lord*;
E'er his gilt Coach diſplay'd the Ducal Creſt,
E'er the blue Ribband ſtain'd his manly Breaſt;
E'er that bright Star malignant Radiance beam'd,
Or round his Neck the ſhining Collar gleam'd.

Can

How alter'd now, as if Corruption bred,
Where-e'er that Star is plac'd, or Ribband ſpread!
Can theſe, ye Pow'rs! ſo ſad a Change produce?
And is Preferment for ſo baſe a Uſe?
When Honeſty of Heart we muſt diſclaim;
A Titles but the Label of our Shame!
Far let me fly, from Palaces of Kings,
If Courts and Titles are ſuch dang'rous Things!
Poor as I am; ſhou'd Heav'n that Gift impart,
No Star ſhou'd grace my Breaſt, to ſtain my Heart!
No, let me Periſh, if to gain his Place,
To be the Tool of Pow'r I'd be his ——;

A BARRON here with uncorrupted Hands,
To hold th' impartial Scale of Juſtice ſtands;
Deciding Cauſes, finiſhing Decrees,
As Conſcience will direct him —— and his Fees!
Conſcience, thou true, unerring, upright Guide!
Who can'ſt with Safety lean to either Side,
Againſt all Reaſon prove, againſt all Law decide!

Me-

METHINKS, I ſee ſome Sages of our Laws,
Pregnant with Nothing, pond'ring o'er a Cauſe;
In vain the wrangling *Bariſters* Diſpute,
'Till Bribes ſteps-in, to terminate the Suit;
And ſoftly whiſpers in his Lordſhip's Ear,
The Court is ſilenc'd, and the Caſe is clear.
One Hand revers'd, receives the ſordid Fee,
The other buſy, Signs the *falſe Decree,*
And *Conſcience* loudly calls it *Equity.*

IGNOBLE Gold! for what baſe ends wer't made;
When even Juſtice is become a Trade.

THERE, with a ſolemn majeſterial Face,
Too Ignorant, and Inſolent for Place;
A Creature quite Irrational, behold,
Ty'd, like a Madman, with a Chain of Gold.
The powerful Poppy ſheds its Influence,
And dozing Sleepineſs confounds each Senſe;
Inſolvent Wretches are to Durance ſent,
While petty *W*—— bring encreaſe of Rent:

Some

Some Fear, ſome Hate, ſome wonder at his Head;
One makes his Fortune, to unmake his Bed;
And while the publick Cares invade his Reſt,
His State's a Farce, and he himſelf a Jeſt.

—

The righteous Clergy, for Religion's ſake,
At once, a Tenth of all your Stock muſt take;
And not content if Herbage is not given,
For pointing out the uncertain Road to Heaven.
The idle Drones that wou'd devour the Nation,
Religion Sell, and Traffick with Salvation!
Here a fat Prieſt, without the Grace of God,
Lolls in his Coach and takes an eaſy Nod;
Will preach, *That Want of Charity's a Curſe*,
Yet never draw one Farthing from his Purſe;
Will build a lofty Rampart round his Door,
To ſcreen his broken Scraps from all the ſtarving Poor.

These holy Hypocrites, with pamper'd Pride,
By ſix ſtout Horſes drawn, in Coaches ride;

In

In Noiſe, State Equipage and Splendour ſhine;
The *Pious, Good, the Learned and Divine!*
Fat with the Spoils, theſe Robbers of Mankind,
Would point thoſe Path to Heaven, themſelves could never find.

And thus, where-e'er the Muſe directs her Eyes,
In Crouds, the Objects of her Scorn, ariſe,
And Courts and Senates, Colleges and Schools,
Are Fields for Satire, and abound with Fools.
Yet tho' her Boſom glows with ardent Rage,
To laſh the Vice of a degenerate Age,
When Virtue calls, ſhe burns with equal flame,
To ſpeak her Actions, and preſerve her Fame.
Virtue, where-e'er it centers, I adore,
And wicked Pow'r, with all my Soul abhor;
Safe let the *Good* and the *Deſerving* be,
Merit is ever unareign'd by Me.
And yet muſt I, thro' ignominious fear,
Forbear to laſh a V——n, tho' a P——r;

Shall

Shall *Servius* ſtill uncenſur'd plunder on;
'Till a whole Nation's by his *Fraud*'s undone?
Shall *B——s* by jarring Parties be Retain'd,
'Till *Plaintiff* and *Defendant* both are drain'd;
For Herbage ſhall *unjuſt Decrees be Made*,
By partial Judges, without Juries aid?
Or in the *Houſe* thoſe C——rs prevail,
To wave their Priviledge, who dread a Jail!
But to Impoſe upon the World, and get
A freſh Occaſion to run more in Debt?
Shall lazy *B——* in ſuch pomp appear,
For blund'ring out a Sermon once a Year?
Shall wrangling—— ſquabble at the *Bar?*
And heartleſs Leaders prate of *Blood* and *War?*
Pimps, Painters, Fidlers, Lawyers, and who not,
Swear and Forſwear, Whore, Lie, Intrigue, and Plot?
And yet, while *Theſe* moſt amply are Rewarded,
Poor Honeſty go *Froſtnipt, Unregarded!*
Is there none equal to the Task, who dare,
Unmask the *Villians*, and be once Sincere?

YE GODS! That *Wealth* ſhou'd give a Man pretence
To *Wit*, to *Genius*, *Sciences*, and *Senſe*:
When chatt'ring Megpies, can with greater eaſe,
Diſcourſe on Matters; and can better pleaſe.

MAY thy Example, *Southwell*, teach Mankind,
That truth of Heart, and honeſty of Mind;
Who ev'n in Courts cou'd'ſt yet preſerve a Name!
And 'mid'ſt a Tribe of *Placemen*, guard thy Fame!
Who ſhar'ſt the Smiles and Favours of thy *Prince*,
With pure, untainted, ſpotleſs Innocence!
Oh! happy PATRIOT! whom no Hopes cou'd cheat,
No Views corrupt of being Rich or Great!
Like thy lov'd * *Stanhope*, who dar'ſt ſtill be free,
Spurn the baſe Bribe, and ſcorn the venal Fee!
So has, of old, the *Roman* Virtue ſhone,
With poliſh'd Rays, Refulgent, like thy own!
Handed from *Race* to *Race*, to be enjoy'd,
Not loſt in *Senates*, or in *Courts* deſtroy'd!

Such

* *Earl of* CHESTERFIELD.

Such, *Southwell*! ſuch art Thou! and in a word,
Art Good, and Juſt, and Honeſt; tho' a Lord!

Behold! where *Thomond* ſhines among the few,
That wou'd fair Virtue, and her Paths purſue;
Fond of his Eaſe, too honeſt to Reſort
Among the ſneering Sycophants at Court!
Honour's a Tallent left Us to enjoy,
Which Wealth cannot ſecure, or Want deſtroy;
Whom a long Line of *Anceſtors* may grace,
If in himſelf we find no ſhining Trace:
In vain but ſtruggles to preſerve a Name,
And on a falling Fabrick builds his Fame.
But, *Thomond*, you accumulate the Store
Your glorious *Anceſtors* had heap'd before;
Enjoy that Tallent, and aloud proclaim,
That borrow'd Honour, is a publick Shame.

Thou *C*—— upon compulſion, Inſincere;
Miſled by Views of being made an Heir;

Forc'd

Forc'd to conceal the Dictates of thy Heart;
And veil the Patriot, with a Courtier's Art;
But, oh! what pity, *that the hope of Gain,*
On worthy Minds, ſhould leave ſo deep a Stain.

WHEN loud Debates, and Party-Quarrels rage,
And diff'rent Sides, for diff'rent Ends, engage,
In honeſt Truths, ſee *ALLEN* uncontroul'd,
Juſt to his Country, and for Freedom bold.

WHEN You, *Malone*, in your *lov'd Country's Cauſe*,
Addreſs her Senate, or diſcuſs her Laws;
What Youth can equal! or what Age out-do!
What Truths ſo Nervous, as when told by you!
Unlike *Briarius*, with his hundred Hands,
Who Statutes, Laws, and * *Pledges underſtands;*
Who never yet was True to any Truſt,
Faithful to Clients, or in Cauſes Juſt:
Still changing Sides, and reſtleſs as a Whore,
Or as the Knocker at his Lordſhip's Door;

And

* He is Partner with *Carrick* the Uſurer.

And lying as the Porter at the Gate;
VVhen preſſing Duns, in vain for entrance wait.

OATES! can thy Perjuries be e'er forgot?
VVere there no Villains elſe cou'd form a Plot?
Yes, yes, (if Heav'n to let their Plots ſucceed;)
Some of thy tainted Kind, —— *A perjur'd Breed!*
The perjur'd Knave, with Poverty oppreſs'd,
Crapp'd, and Degraded, is a publick Jeſt;
The perjur'd Knave, whom VVealth and Titles grace,
Gains a large Penſion, or a truſty Place:
May Sit in Senates, and aloud Debate,
VVith ample Freedom, on Affairs of State.
VVho wou'd not Sneer to ſee a Man preſent,
A Bill 'gainſt Priviledge of P————?
Loudly Declaim at the corrupt Abuſe on't,
Yet be the *Firſt*, who makes the baſeſt Uſe on't.

BUT, Sir, forgive, that I ſo long purſue
Theſe Truths, ſo manifeſtly known to you;

Truths! you behold, but with indignant Eyes;
VVhich cannot reach you, tho' they may Surprize;
For *Worth*'s ſecure for ever from a wound,
VVhere *Knaves* and *Coxcombs* in ſuch Shoals abound.
And juſtly you diſdain the gilded State;
And tincel Trappings of the ſervile Great;
Serenely quiet, in Contentment bleſt;
Of all that you can wiſh, of Eaſe poſſeſt;
Eaſe, which benignly in your boſom lives,
Which Virtue warrants, and which Freedom gives.

FINIS